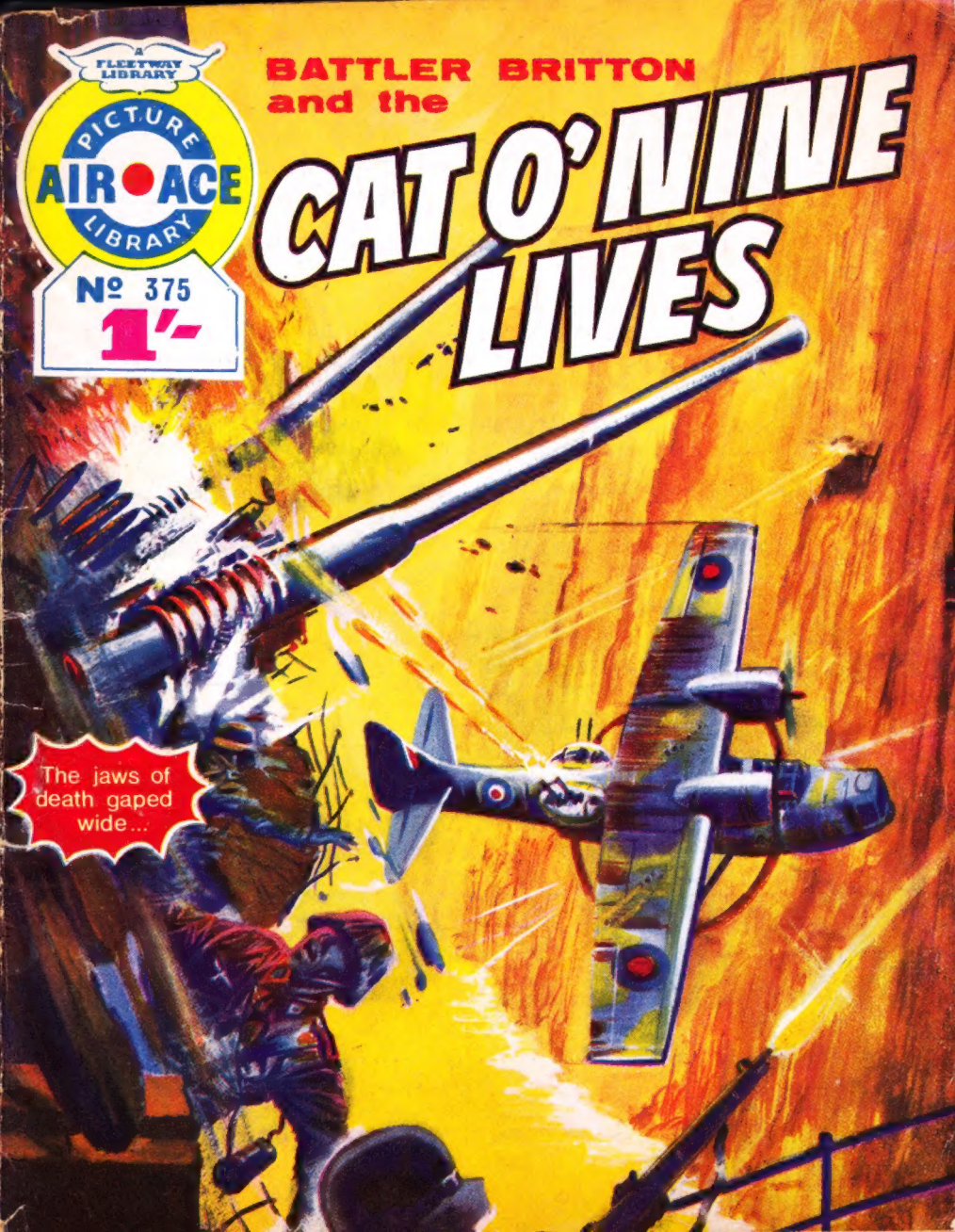




**BATTLER BRITTON  
and the**

# **CAT O'NINE LIVES**

The jaws of  
death gaped  
wide...



# BARGAIN FOR STAMP COLLECTORS

PENNY SALE  
**12**  
FAMOUS SETS OF STAMPS  
All for **1/-**



PENNY SALE  
**12** SETS  
(TOTAL 61 STAMPS)  
REGULAR PRICE 11/6  
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All 12 of these unusual sets of stamps for just a penny a set ! You'd have to pay up to 2/- for each set—if you could find them ! As a special bargain to readers you can have all 12 sets, total 61 different stamps worth 11/6, for just 1/-.

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Please tell your parents you are answering this advertisement.

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APPROVALS.**

50. DENMARK HILL.

LONDON S.E. 5.

I enclose 1/-. Rush me Lot P.53 comprising 12 famous sets of stamps. Include a selection of Bargain Approvals for free examination.

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.....

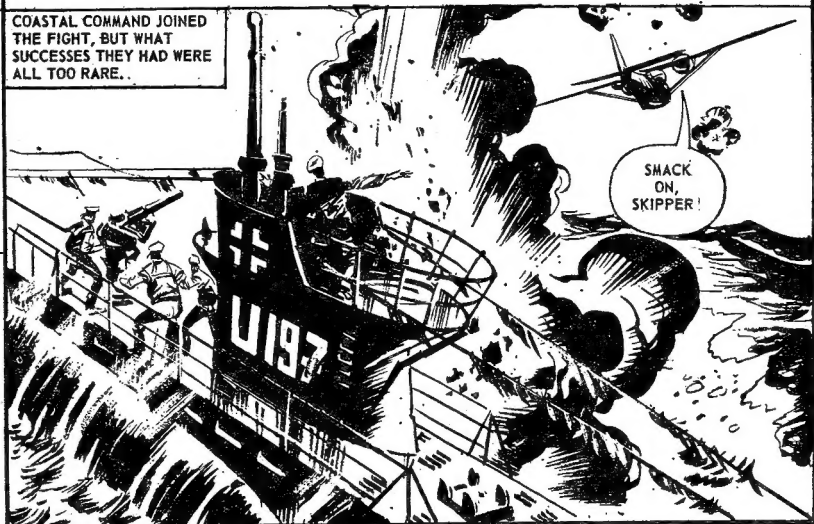
**BATTLER BRITTON and the**

# **CAT O' NINE LIVES**

BY SEPTEMBER, 1942, THE ARCTIC SUPPLY ROUTE TO RUSSIA WAS SUFFERING CRIPPLING LOSSES AT THE HANDS OF ENEMY U-BOATS; DESPITE THE VIGILANCE OF THE BRITISH NAVY, THE MERCILESS ATTACKS FROM THE UNDERSEA KILLERS WENT ON...

## Chapter I. *SECRET LAIR*

COASTAL COMMAND JOINED THE FIGHT, BUT WHAT SUCCESSES THEY HAD WERE ALL TOO RARE.



THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE AIR COVER WAS WING COMMANDER BATTLER BRITTON.

IT ISN'T ENOUGH, STEVE. WE'VE GOT TO HIT HARDER AND MORE OFTEN!

YOU MEAN KNOCK 'EM OFF IN BUNCHES, SKIP?



BATTLER CAST HIS EYES AT THE DISTANT COAST  
OF NORWAY ...

I'D GIVE  
MY EARS TO  
FIND OUT WHERE  
THESE U-BOATS HAVE THEIR  
BASE. SMASH THAT AND  
YOU'VE SMASHED  
A TON OF  
TROUBLE.

WELL,  
NOBODY'S  
FOUND IT YET,  
SKIP. AND WE'VE  
LOOKED TILL  
WE'RE CROSS-  
EYED!

NEXT SECOND BOTH JERKED UPRIGHT AS A COLUMN OF SPRAY ERUPTED BESIDE ONE OF THE CONVOY...

TORPEDO!  
ANOTHER ONE'S  
COPPED IT!

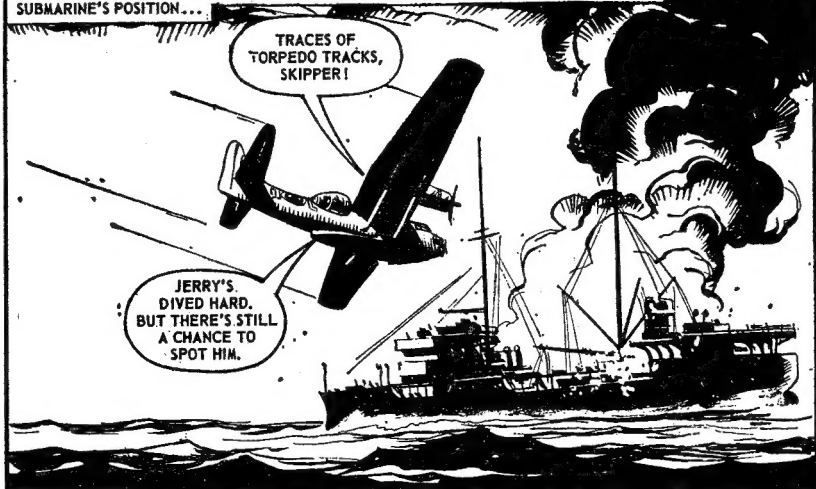
DOWN  
WE GO,  
STEVE!



ROARING OVER THE MERCHANTMAN, BATTLER AND STEVE HUNTED FOR A CLUE TO THE SUBMARINE'S POSITION...

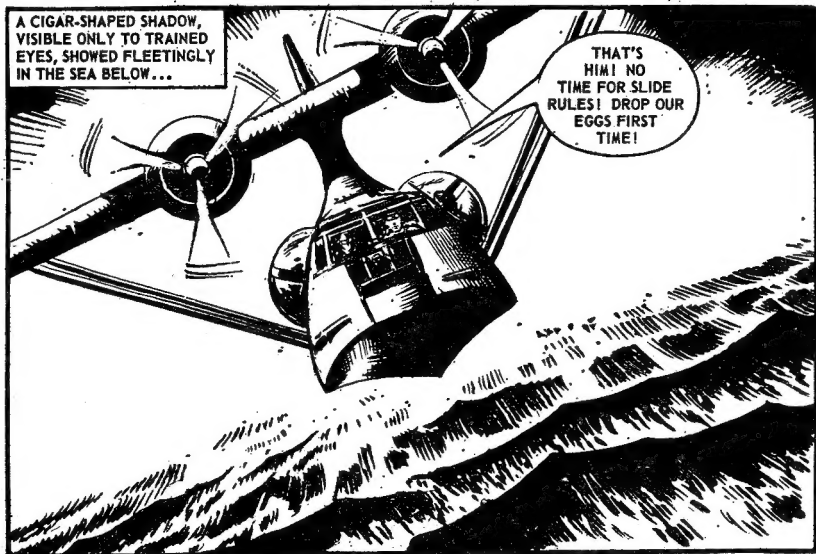
TRACES OF  
TORPEDO TRACKS,  
SKIPPER!

JERRY'S  
DIVED HARD.  
BUT THERE'S STILL  
A CHANCE TO  
SPOT HIM.



A CIGAR-SHAPED SHADOW,  
VISIBLE ONLY TO TRAINED  
EYES, SHOWED FLEETINGLY  
IN THE SEA BELOW...

THAT'S  
HIM! NO  
TIME FOR SLIDE  
RULES! DROP OUR  
EGGS FIRST  
TIME!



STEVE FLICKED THE SWITCHES AND FOUR  
DEPTH CHARGES PLUMMETED DOWN...

ROUND  
AGAIN AND  
LET'S SEE IF  
THAT'LL FETCH  
HIM UP!



THE CHARGES DRIFTED SLOWLY DOWN THROUGH THE ICY WATER AND EXPLODED VICIOUSLY AROUND  
THE GERMAN U-BOAT...



ONLY ONE MAN KEPT HIS HEAD IN THE TURMOIL THAT FOLLOWED. THE SUBMARINE'S COMMANDER, HEINRICH BOHL....


BACK  
TO YOUR  
STATIONS!



HE SHOUTED FOR DAMAGE REPORTS AND MINUTES LATER A WHITE-FACED CHIEF ENGINEER ENTERED THE CONTROL ROOM...

WE HAVE  
TORN PLATES,  
SOME FLOODING  
AND THE  
LIGHTS MAY  
FAIL...

BUT WE  
STILL LIVE. AND  
WITH LUCK WE  
SHALL HOBBLE  
HOME!





HEINRICH BOHL'S LUCK HELD, DESPITE  
A MASSIVE SEARCH BY THE CONVOY'S  
ESCORT SHIPS...

NOT  
EVEN A  
BUBBLE!

THAT  
GERMAN  
MUST BE STUFFED  
TO THE HATCHES  
WITH LUCKY  
MASCOTS!

BUT BATTLER WAS NOT SATISFIED. AND WHEN THE  
RELIEF: CATALINA CAME IN SIGHT...

WE'LL  
HUNT AROUND  
A BIT, STEVE. WORK  
TOWARDS THE  
NORWEGIAN  
COAST.

ROGER,  
SKIPPER. NORWAY  
IT IS.

PATIENTLY THEY QUARTERED THE  
NORWEGIAN APPROACHES. SUDDENLY  
STEVE POINTED EXCITEDLY TO WHERE  
A DARK SLICK OF OIL STAINED THE SEA...

WE  
COULD'VE  
FRACTURED  
A FUEL  
TANK!

WE'LL KEEP  
TAILING HIM.  
MAYBE HE'LL  
SURFACE.

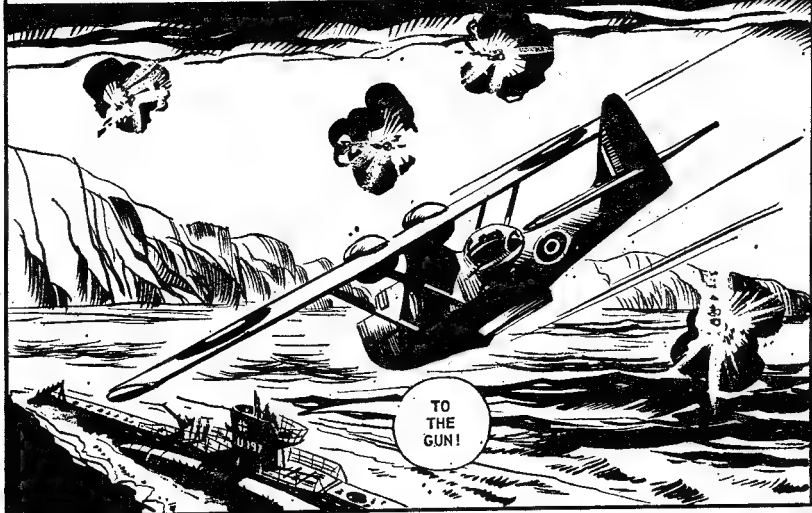
THEY FOLLOWED THE TELL-TALE OIL SLICK TO WITHIN HALF A MILE OF THE COAST. THEN JUST OFF THE MOUTH OF A FJORD THE U-BOAT BROKE THE SURFACE...



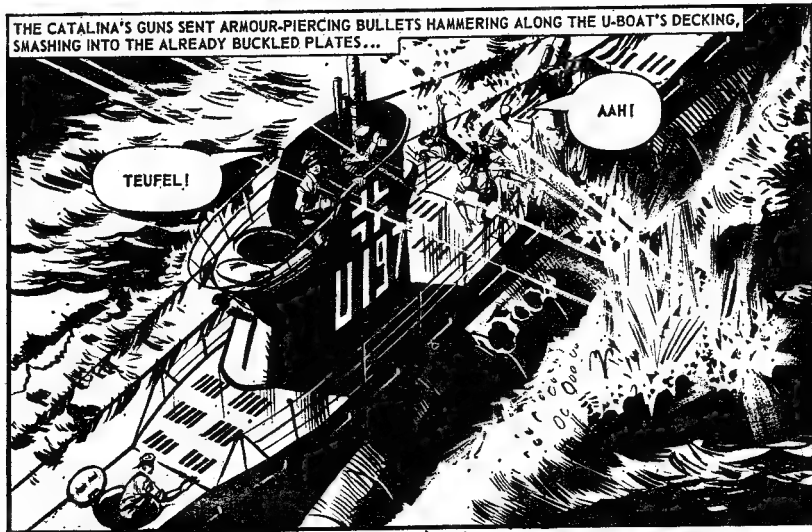
KAPITAN BOHL WAS TOO CLOSE TO SHORE TO DIVE. HE SENT THE U-BOAT SCURRYING FOR THE FJORD AND AS BATTLER SENT THE CATALINA AFTER HIM, FLAK BEGAN TO STAIN THE SKY...



IGNORING THE ENEMY GUNS, BATTLER CAUGHT THE U-BOAT INSIDE THE ANCHORAGE...



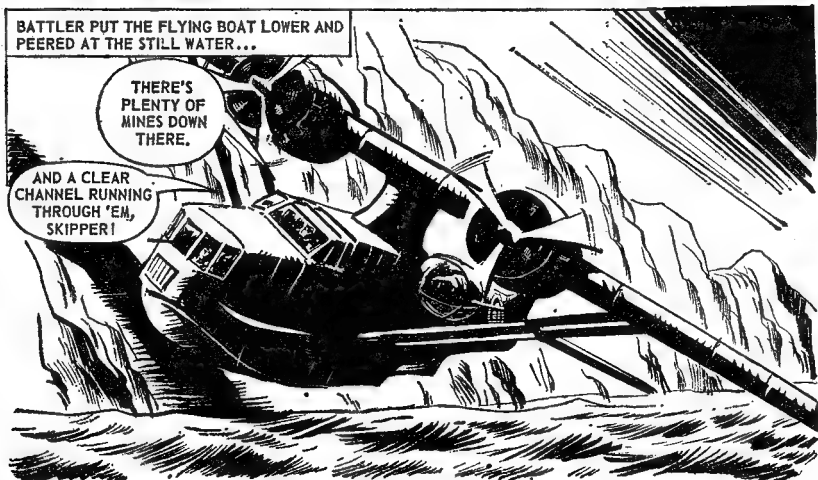
THE CATALINA'S GUNS SENT ARMOUR-PIERCING BULLETS HAMMERING ALONG THE U-BOAT'S DECKING, SMASHING INTO THE ALREADY BUCKLED PLATES...



OUT OF CONTROL, THE SUBMARINE LURCHED OFF COURSE. SUDDENLY THERE WAS A VICIOUS EXPLOSION...



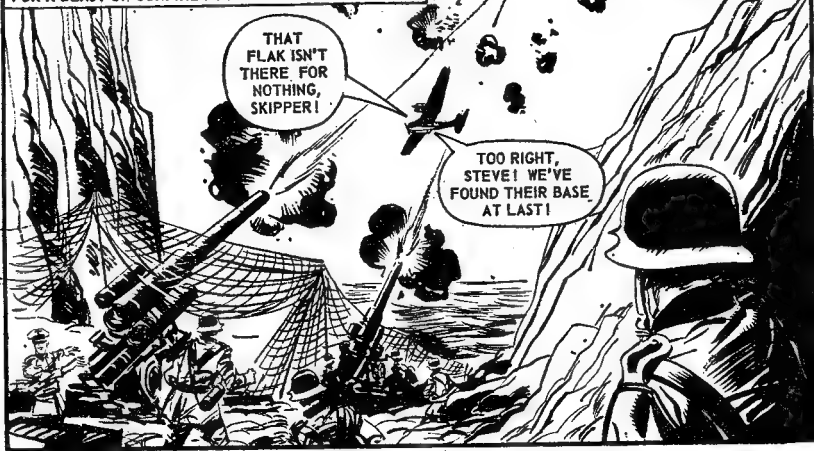
BATTLETT PUT THE FLYING BOAT LOWER AND PEERED AT THE STILL WATER...



SUDDENLY THE END OF THE FJORD CAME INTO VIEW. BATTLER GAVE A YELL AS HE SAW TWO SINISTER SHAPES ON THE WATER AHEAD...



THEY HARDLY HAD TIME FOR A CLOSER LOOK,  
FOR A BLAST OF GUNFIRE ROCKED THE FLYING BOAT...



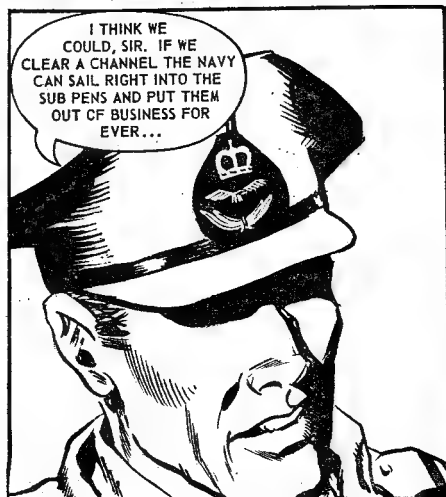
BATTLER RADIOED THE NEWS TO BASE. AND WHEN HE BROUGHT THE CATALINA TO ITS MOORINGS, A BOAT WAS WAITING...



ASHORE, BATTLER FOUND AN ADMIRAL AND AN AIR COMMODORE WAITING FOR HIM...







WHEN BATTLE LEFT, THE ADMIRAL TURNED TO THE AIR COMMODORE...



## Chapter 2. GAUNTLET OF FIRE

WITH THE PLAN BACKED AT HIGHEST LEVEL, BATTLER BEGAN TO ORGANISE THE MISSION. FIRST HE PICKED THREE OTHER CREWS...



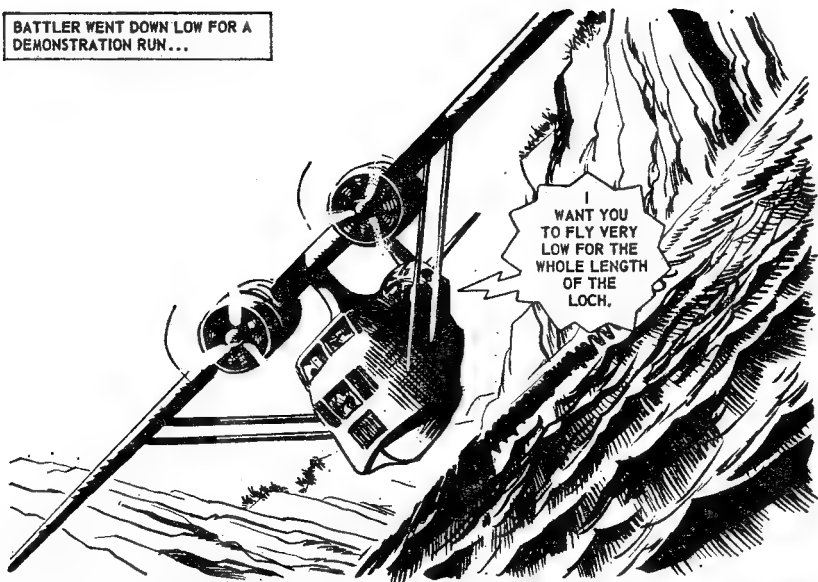
THE SPEAKER WAS CONNELLY. A GREAT FIGHTER BUT A MAN NOT OVER-FOND OF DISCIPLINE...



THAT AFTERNOON, THE MEN MADE THEIR FIRST INSPECTION OF LOCH KINOCHE...



BATTLER WENT DOWN LOW FOR A  
DEMONSTRATION RUN...



MOMENTS LATER, STEVE NORTON FOUND HIMSELF STARING AT A HUGE WALL OF ROCK...



BATTLER PULLED THE CONTROL COLUMN INTO THE PIT OF HIS STOMACH AND THE CATALINA SOARED UP, CLEARING THE GRANITE WALL BY INCHES...

STRENGTH!  
IS THIS NECESSARY,  
BATTLER?

AFRAID SO,  
STEVE. IT'S THE  
ONLY WAY TO KNOCK  
OUT OUR  
TARGET!

CALLING THE NEXT AIRCRAFT DOWN, BATTLER SOON MADE IT CLEAR HE WAS GOING TO BE HARD TO PLEASE...

GET  
LOWER,  
BILL!

ANY  
LOWER AND  
WE SHAN'T CLEAR  
THOSE ROCKS AT  
THE FAR  
END!

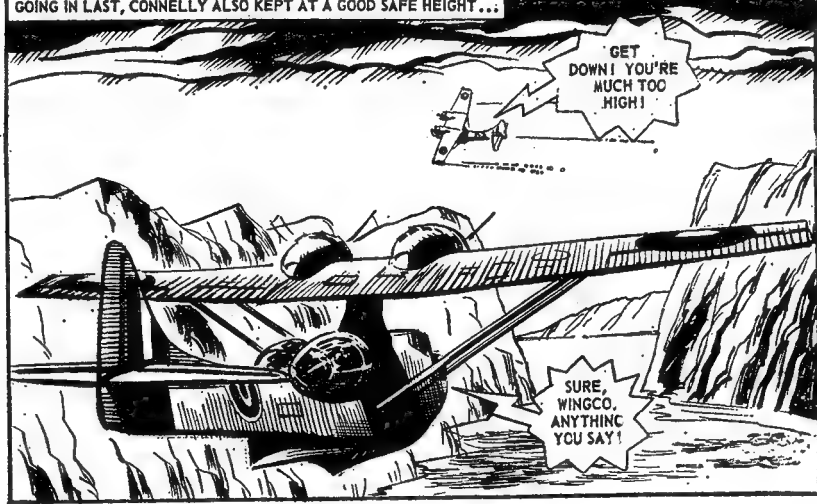
BILL WALKER STAYED AT THE SAFE LEVEL AND  
CLEARED THE CLIFF FACE WITH PLENTY  
TO SPARE....



GINGER DIXON IN THE THIRD AIRCRAFT DID BETTER  
BUT STILL BATTLER'S VOICE RAKED HIS EARPHONES....



GOING IN LAST, CONNELLY ALSO KEPT AT A GOOD SAFE HEIGHT...



AGAINST ALL THEIR EXPECTATIONS, BATTLER HAD NOBODY ON THE CARPET AFTER THE EXERCISE. HE DID NOT EVEN TALK ABOUT IT. THAT HAD THE CREWS WORRIED...

BATTLER'S UP.  
TO NO GOOD.

WHAT'S  
HE PHONING  
ABOUT?

WHEN THE TIME CAME FOR BATTLER TO SHOW THE OTHERS HIS IDEA, HIS EARPHONES CRACKLED WITH THEIR INDIGNANT SHOUTS...

BATTLER'S CALL WAS TO A NAVAL BALLOON UNIT ON THE SCOTTISH MAINLAND. AND AS A RESULT...

WELL,  
SIR, THAT'S  
WHAT YOU  
ASKED FOR.  
IS IT  
RIGHT?

PERFECT,  
CHIEF! RECKON  
THAT SHOULD MAKE  
MY CHAPS FLY LOW  
ENOUGH!

FLY  
UNDER THOSE  
THINGS?

IT'S  
CRAZY!



KNOWING THAT NOTHING  
ARGUED LOUDER THAN  
EXAMPLE, THE FLYING ACE  
SENT HIS FLYING BOAT  
ROARING UNDER THE LINE  
OF WIRE ARCHES.

KEEP  
YOUR NERVE  
AND THERE'S  
NOTHING  
TO IT...

IT'S  
SUICIDE!

THE WIRES WERE THERE TO MAKE THEM FLY LOW  
UNTIL THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT. IT MEANT  
A TERRIFIC PULL UP BUT IT COULD BE DONE -  
AS BATTLER SHOWED THEM.

TO THEIR RELIEF BOTH BILL WALKER AND GINGER DIXON CLEARED THE CLIFF BUT THEY WERE NOT SMILING...



FOR CONNELLY, IT WAS ONLY PRIDE THAT MADE HIM FOLLOW.  
BUT HIS DEEP VOICE GROWLED IN PROTEST...



SECONDS LATER THERE WAS THE LAST ARCH TO PASS. CONNELLY TOOK ONE LOOK AT THE DISTANCE AND YELLED A WARNING...

WE'LL  
NEVER DO  
IT! UP  
WITH HER...  
— NOW!

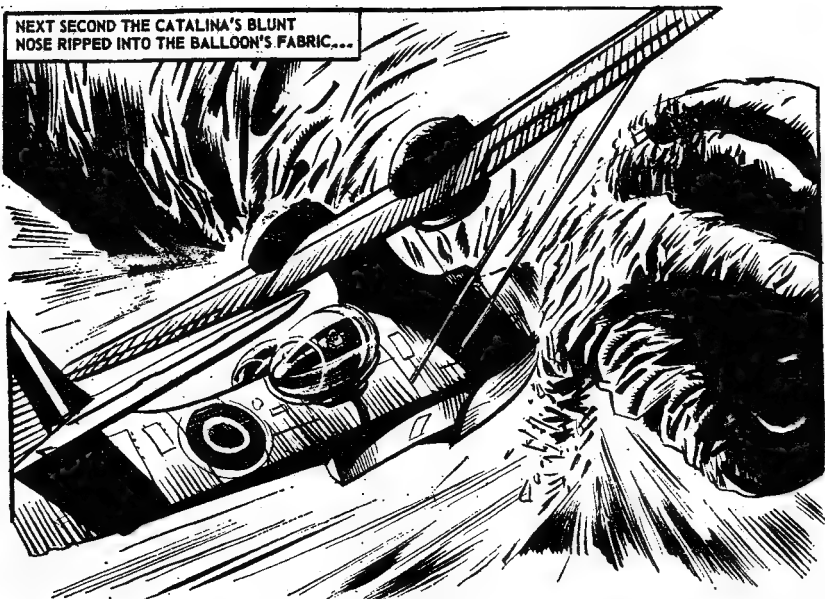


RATHER THAN GO BELOW, CONNELLY TRIED TO FLY OVER THE LAST BALLOON...

WE'RE  
GOING TO  
HIT IT!



NEXT SECOND THE CATALINA'S BLUNT  
NOSE RIPPED INTO THE BALLOON'S FABRIC....



THE CATALINA ROCKED ALARMINGLY AS THE BALLOON COLLAPSED AND THE WIRE HAWSER HIT THE  
WATER WITH A VICIOUS SMACK....



CONNELLY DID MAKE IT. AND BACK AT THE BASE HE SPOKE HIS MIND.

THOSE WIRES ARE A CRAZY IDEA. SOMEONE'S GOING TO GET KILLED IF WE KEEP THIS UP, SKIPPER!

HE'S DEAD RIGHT!

SCRAP IT, SIR. BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

BATTLER KNEW IT WAS DANGEROUS. BUT HE ALSO KNEW HOW VITAL THE TARGET WAS...

WE'VE GOT TO GO ON. IF WE PULL THIS JOB OFF IT COULD SAVE COUNTLESS LIVES.

FAIR ENOUGH, SKIPPER. THAT'S SOMETHING WE ALL AGREE WITH. BUT WHY SUCH LOW FLYING?

BECAUSE UNLESS WE DO WE'LL FAIL. AND THAT'S SOMETHING WE CANNOT LET HAPPEN.

IN A COUPLE OF DAYS YOU'LL KNOW EVERYTHING - AND SO WILL THE REST OF YOU.

IN A COUPLE OF DAYS WE COULD BE DEAD!

TWO DAYS LATER, AS BATTLER HAD PROMISED, CONNELLY AND THE OTHER CREWS WERE SHOWN THE REASON FOR THEIR DANGEROUS TRAINING...

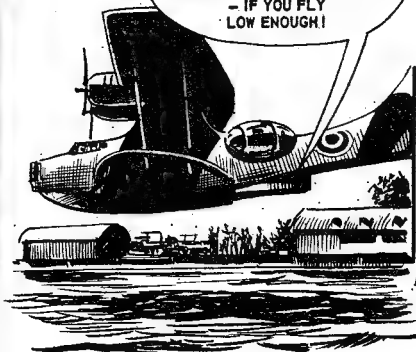


AS THE NEW ARRIVAL CIRCLED TO ALIGHT, BATTLER EXPLAINED...

OUR JOB IS TO CLEAR A PATH THROUGH A MINEFIELD FOR THE NAVY. THE FIELD PROTECTS A U-BOAT BASE, WHICH THE NAVY BOYS ARE GOING TO DESTROY.



THE MINES ARE MAGNETIC AND THAT HOOPED CASING ON THE CATALINA CONTAINS A MAGNETIC COIL. WHEN SWITCHED ON A CURRENT WILL TRIGGER OFF THE MINES. - IF YOU FLY LOW ENOUGH!

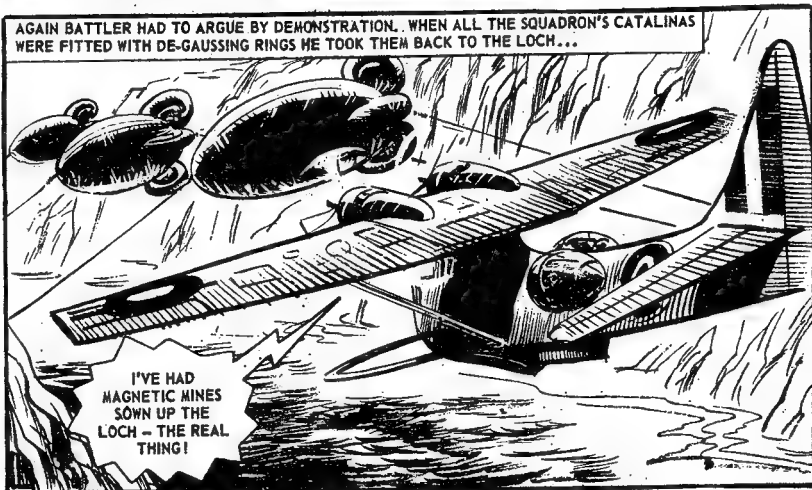




DEAD SILENCE GREETED BATTLER'S WORDS. CONNELLY GLANCED AT THE OTHERS AND THEN STARED HARD AT BATTLER...



AGAIN BATTLER HAD TO ARGUE BY DEMONSTRATION. WHEN ALL THE SQUADRON'S CATALINAS WERE FITTED WITH DE-GAUSSING RINGS HE TOOK THEM BACK TO THE LOCH...



WITH THE AIRCRAFT SKIMMING JUST ABOVE WATER LEVEL, BATTLER'S FINGER FLICKED A SWITCH. ALMOST IMMEDIATELY A GREAT SHEET OF WATER ERUPTED JUST BEHIND THE CATALINA.



SEE  
WHAT I  
MEAN?

WELL  
I'M BLOWED! IT  
WORKS!

BATTLER HEARD THE EXCITED VOICES ON THE RADIO. HE CUT THEM SHORT WITH HIS CRISP ORDERS...

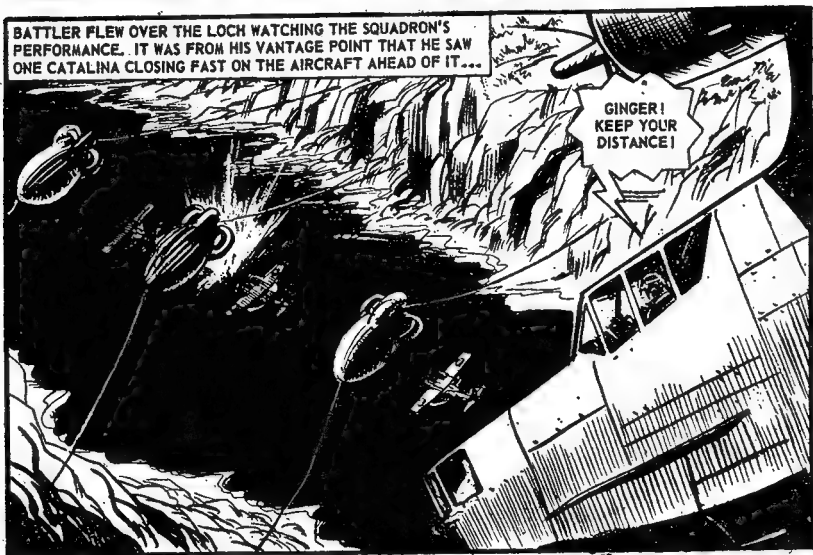
RIGHT!  
GET DOWN  
THERE! AND DO  
YOUR STUFF. AND  
KEEP YOUR  
DISTANCE FROM  
THE MAN IN  
FRONT.



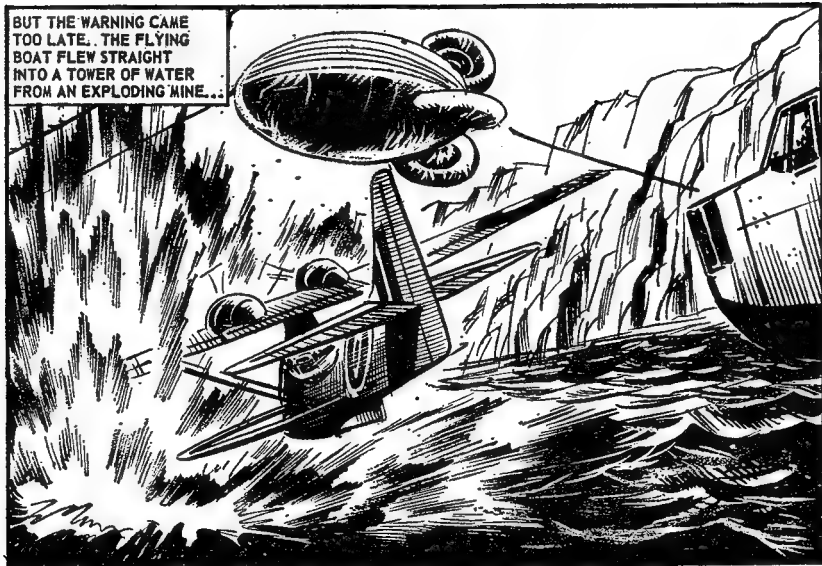
THE OTHERS FELL IN LINE AND DROPPED BELOW THE CABLES.  
AS USUAL CONNELLY BROUGHT UP THE REAR...



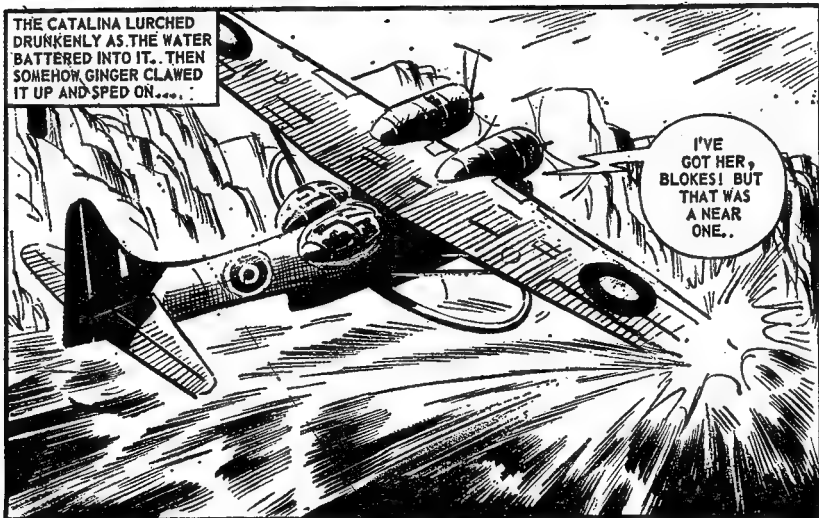
BATTLER FLEW OVER THE LOCH WATCHING THE SQUADRON'S  
PERFORMANCE. IT WAS FROM HIS VANTAGE POINT THAT HE SAW  
ONE CATALINA CLOSING FAST ON THE AIRCRAFT AHEAD OF IT...



BUT THE WARNING CAME TOO LATE. THE FLYING BOAT FLEW STRAIGHT INTO A TOWER OF WATER FROM AN EXPLODING MINE...



THE CATALINA LURCHED DRUNKENLY AS THE WATER BATTERED INTO IT. THEN SOMEHOW GINGER CLAWED IT UP AND SPED ON...

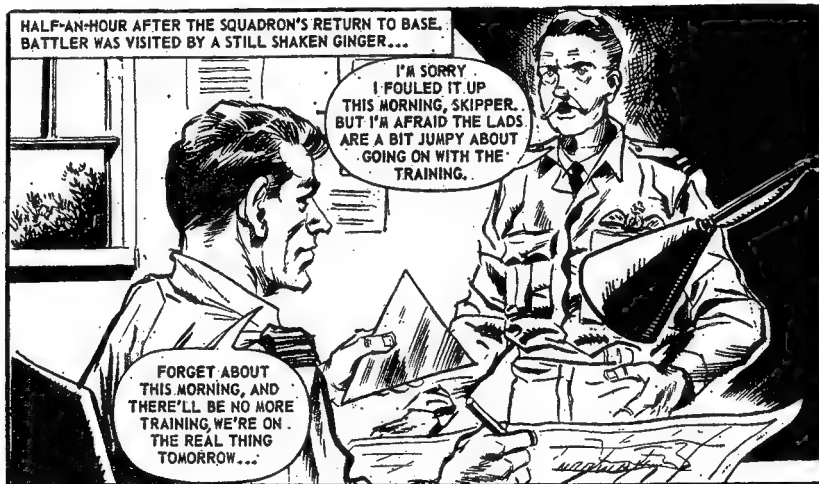


I'VE GOT HER, BLOKES! BUT THAT WAS A NEAR ONE..

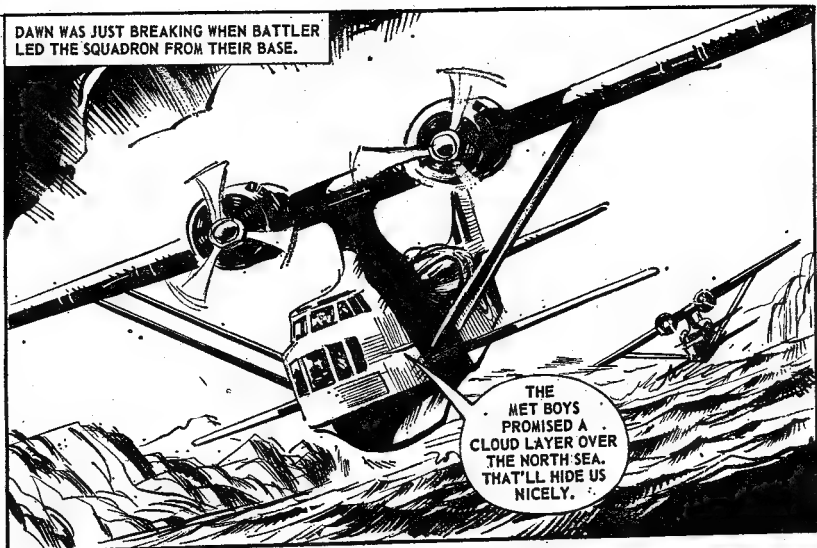
THE NEAR DISASTER BROUGHT AN INSTANT RESPONSE FROM CONNELLY...



HALF-AN-HOUR AFTER THE SQUADRON'S RETURN TO BASE.  
BATTLE WAS VISITED BY A STILL SHAKEN GINGER...



DAWN WAS JUST BREAKING WHEN BATTLER LED THE SQUADRON FROM THEIR BASE.



THE  
MET BOYS  
PROMISED A  
CLOUD LAYER OVER  
THE NORTH SEA.  
THAT'LL HIDE US  
NICELY.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER THEY SIGHTED  
THE NAVAL SHIPS BELOW THEM...



THE  
BOYS IN  
BLUE ARE  
HERE,  
SIR.

THEY'RE  
ON-TIME.  
GOOD!



THE DESTROYER'S COMMANDER QUICKLY  
CHECKED HIS CALCULATIONS...

WE  
SHOULD  
ENTER THE FJORD  
JUST AS THOSE  
BOYS FINISH  
SWEEPING THE  
MINES!

LET'S  
HOPE THEY  
DO A GOOD  
JOB, SIR...



WHEN BATTLESTAR ARRIVED AT THE FJORD HE CIRCLED  
WARILY BEFORE ATTACKING. IT WAS THEN  
THAT HE SPOTTED A NEW THREAT...

FLAK SHIP!  
THAT'LL GIVE  
THE NAVY SOMETHING  
TO ARGUE  
WITH!



AS BATTLER HEADED IN OVER THE SHIP, ITS GUNS OPENED FIRE. THEY WERE SOON JOINED BY OTHERS POSITIONED ON THE SHEER FACES OF THE CLIFFS...



ROCKED BY THE WITHERING GUNFIRE, BATTLER DROPPED THE CATALINA TO WATER LEVEL. HIS FINGER FLICKED THE SWITCH AND THE FIRST MINE ERUPTED...



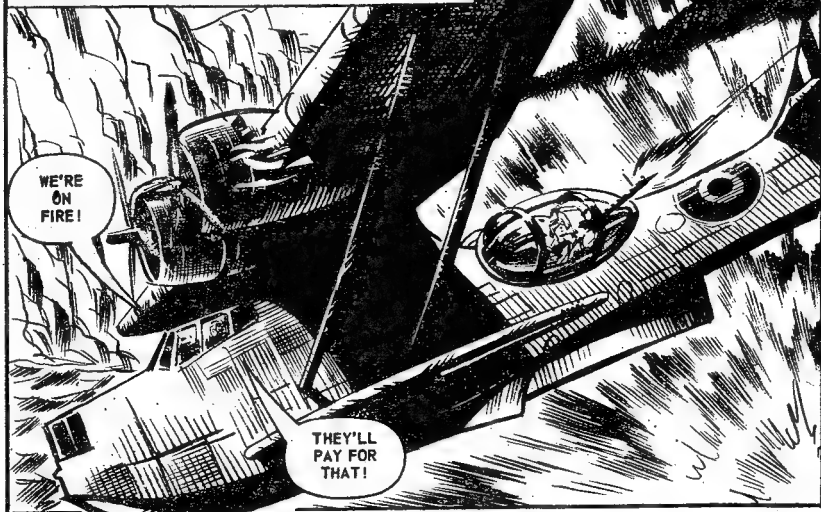
CLOSE BEHIND HIS LEADER  
CAME BILL WALKER...

KEEP  
LEFT OF  
BATTLER. THAT'LL  
BLOW A WIDER  
CHANNEL.

BY THE TIME DIXON COMMENCED HIS RUN, THE ENEMY GUNNERS HAD RECOVERED FROM THEIR SURPRISE.  
SHELLS TORE INTO HIS AIRCRAFT AS HE HURTLED DOWN THE FJORD ...

PUNCH THAT  
SCREEN OUT!  
I CAN'T SEE  
A THING!

CONNELLY'S CATALINA RECEIVED A DIRECT HIT IN ONE . . .  
ENGINE. FLAMES BEGAN TO LICK OUT FROM THE COWLING . . .



CONNELLY'S GUNNERS POURED LEAD INTO THE  
ENEMY, SILENCING GUN AFTER GUN AS THEY  
HURTTLED THE LENGTH OF THE FJORD . . .



MEANWHILE, BATTLE'S CATALINA HAD REACHED THE  
ROCK-FACE THAT TOWERED ABOVE THE U-BOAT PENS . . .



WITH THE THROTTLES OPEN WIDE THE FLYING BOAT WENT INTO A STRAINING, CLAWING CLIMB THAT  
LEFT IT OPEN TO MURDEROUS FIRE FROM THE GERMAN GUNNERS . . .



WALKER AND GINGER DIXON FOLLOWED BATTLE OVER THE SUMMIT...



FULL  
POWER!

SHE'LL FALL  
APART IN A  
MINUTE!

SECONDS LATER, CONNELLY CAME ROARING OVER THE TOP, FLAK CHASING HIM AND SMOKE POURING FROM THE CRIPPLED ENGINE...



TAKE  
OVER SMITHY'S  
GUNS!

RIGHT,  
SKIPPER!

## Chapter 3. *THE RAIDERS*

THE CRASH OF GUNFIRE IN THE FJORD SUBSIDED FOR A TIME, ONLY TO ERUPT AGAIN AS THE FIRST OF THE NAVY SHIPS CAME INTO SIGHT ...



LIEUTENANT ALLCOTT'S GUNNERS POURED SHELLS INTO THE ENEMY VESSEL, WHICH SOON BEGAN TO SETTLE ...



WITH THE LAST OUNCE OF POWER FROM HER DYING ENGINES, THE FLAK SHIP'S CAPTAIN HAD TURNED HIS SHIP ACROSS THE NARROW ENTRANCE...



AS BATTLER SWEEPED OUT OVER THE SEA, HE SAW THE SCENE BELOW HIM...

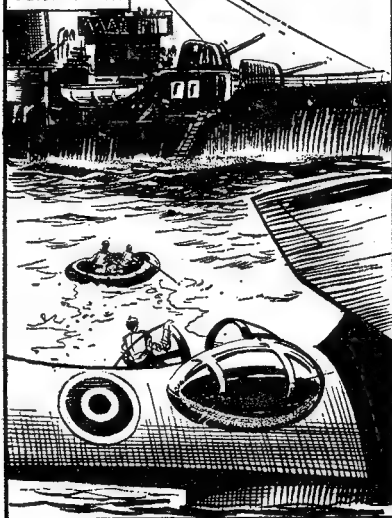


BATTLER TOOK THE CATALINA AS CLOSE TO ALLCOTT'S DESTROYER AS HE DARED...





THE FLYING ACE BROUGHT THE CATALINA ALONGSIDE AND KILLED THE MOTORS. MINUTES LATER HE WAS BEING TAKEN ABOARD THE DESTROYER...



BATTLER WAS TAKEN DIRECT TO ALLCOTT'S CABIN...



BATTLER EXPLAINED QUICKLY AND A SIGNAL FROM ZENITH BROUGHT THE OTHER CATALINAS ALONGSIDE. THE SHIP'S LAUNCH WENT OUT TO PICK UP THEIR CREWS...



SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE  
DESTROYER'S WARDROOM...

WE'RE  
GOING TO  
FERRY THE NAVY  
UP THE FJORD, EACH  
AIRCRAFT WILL CARRY  
A LANDING PARTY  
WHICH MUST BE PUT  
DOWN AS NEAR  
THE PENS AS  
POSSIBLE!



PRESENTLY FOUR DINGHIES, EACH CRAMMED  
WITH THE TOUGHEST FIGHTERS ALLCOTT  
COULD FIND, MOVED AWAY FROM THE DESTROYER.



WITH THE SAILORS CROWDED ABOARD THE FOUR FLYING BOATS,  
BATTLE GAVE HIS ORDERS FOR TAKE-OFF...

START  
ENGINES,  
STEVE!

ROGER,  
SKIPPER.

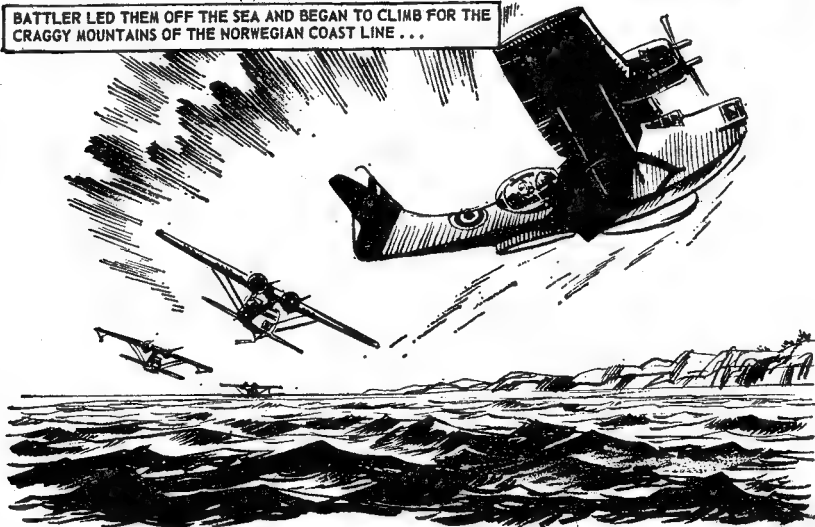


THE FOUR CATALINAS BEGAN TO ROAR ACROSS THE WATER,  
THEIR ENGINES STRAINING TO GET THEM AIRBORNE . . .

TELL THE  
GUNNERS WE  
WANT NO MISTAKES,  
STEVE. THIS IS OUR  
LAST CHANCE!

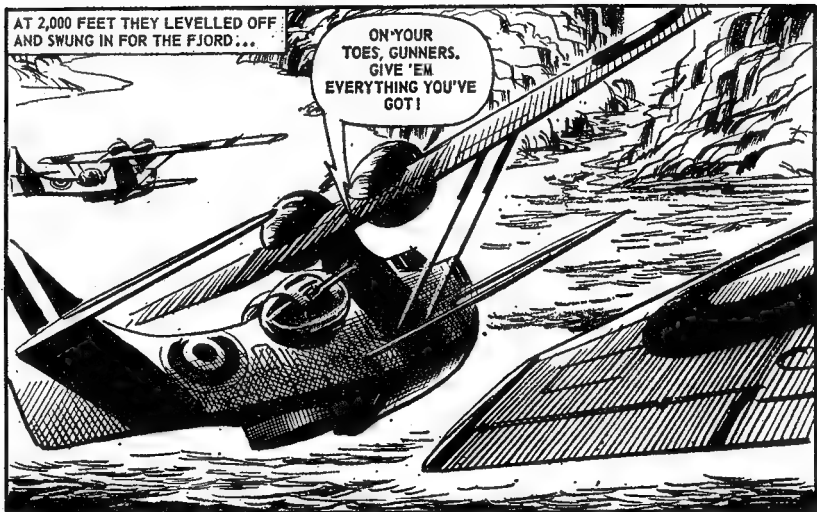


BATTLE LED THEM OFF THE SEA AND BEGAN TO CLIMB FOR THE  
CRAGGY MOUNTAINS OF THE NORWEGIAN COAST LINE . . .

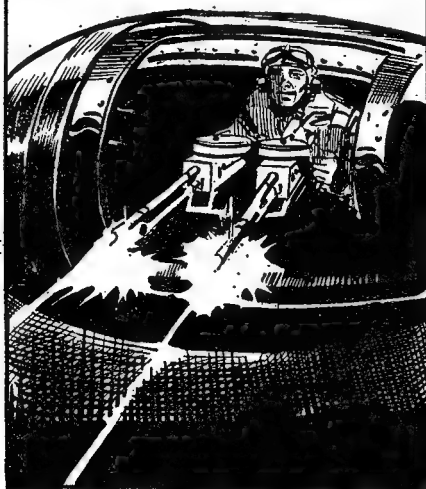


AT 2,000 FEET THEY LEVELLED OFF  
AND SWUNG IN FOR THE FJORD...

ON-YOUR  
TOES, GUNNERS.  
GIVE 'EM  
EVERYTHING YOU'VE  
GOT!



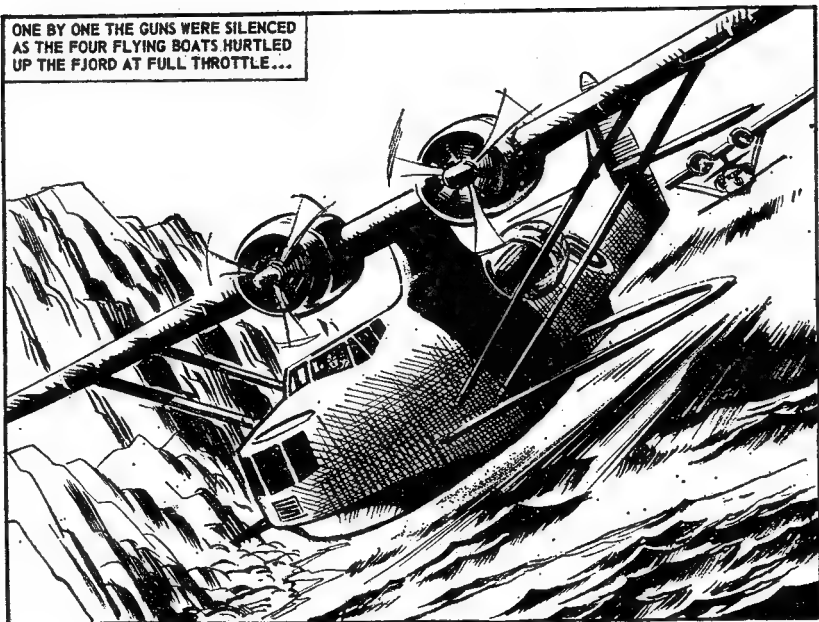
THIS TIME EVERY GUNNER KNEW WHAT TO EXPECT.  
AND EACH MAN PICKED HIS TARGET...



HASTILY SIGHTED AS THEY WERE, THE ENEMY  
GUN POSITIONS AFFORDED LITTLE COVER  
FROM THE HAIL OF BULLETS THAT HAMMERED  
INTO THEM...



ONE BY ONE THE GUNS WERE SILENCED  
AS THE FOUR FLYING BOATS HURTTLED  
UP THE FJORD AT FULL THROTTLE....



THEN THE PENS CAME INTO SIGHT. BATTLER  
THROTTLED BACK AND THE CATALINA  
BEGAN TO SINK TOWARDS THE WATER...



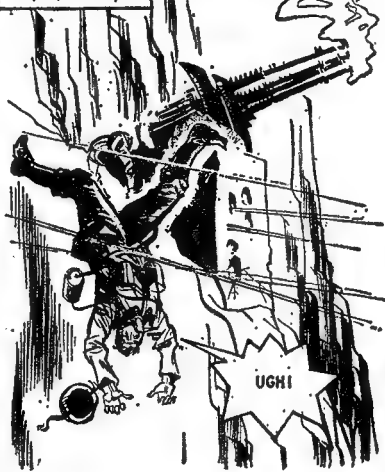
THERE WERE SIX GUN POSITIONS  
ABOVE THE SUBMARINE PENS. AS THE  
CATALINAS CAME DOWN THEY OPENED  
UP WITH A DEAFENING ROAR...



THE FLYING BOATS' VICKERS GUNS ANGRILY ANSWERED  
THE ENEMY'S FIRE...



BULLETS HAMMERED ALONG THE CLIFF FACE,  
SPLINTERS OF STEEL AND ROCK SCYTHED  
INTO THE GUNS...



UNDER COVER OF THE GUNFIRE,  
THE SAILORS CLAMBERED INTO  
THEIR DINGHIES...

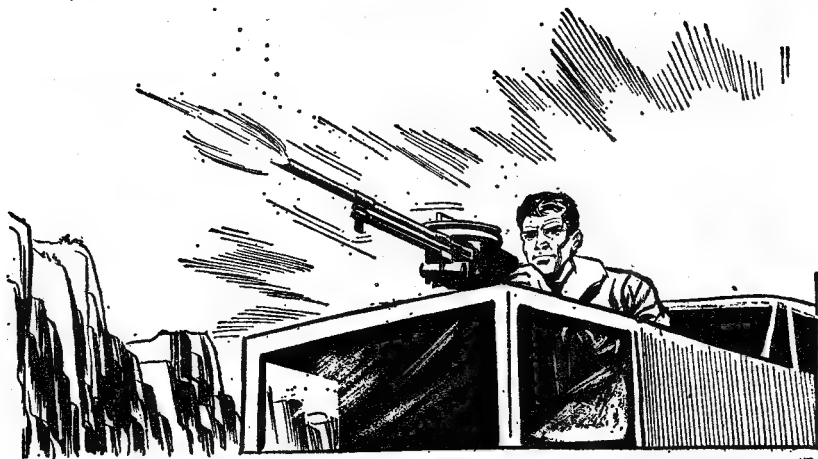
GET ASHORE  
AS QUICK AS  
YOU CAN! WE'LL  
COVER YOU!

AYE AYE,  
SIR!

THEN BATTLER SAW DIM FIGURES MOVING  
ALONG ONE OF THE MOORED SUBMARINES...

IF THEY  
GET THAT  
THREE-INCH  
GOING IT'LL  
BE CURTAINS  
FOR ALL  
OF US!

THE NEXT SECOND BATTLER'S  
VICKERS GUN WAS HAMMERING  
LEAD INTO THE U-BOAT PEN...



THE GERMAN GUNNERS HAD  
JUST TURNED THEIR GUN ON THE  
DINGHIES WHEN HOT LEAD SLAMMED  
ALONG THE SUBMARINE'S DECKING...

BACK!  
BACK!



WITH BULLETS STITCHING THE WATER  
AROUND THEM, THE SAILORS PADDED  
FURIOUSLY TOWARDS THE ENEMY SHORE...

NEARLY  
THERE,  
LADS!





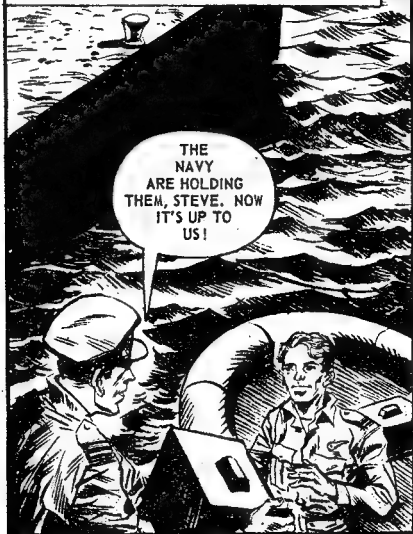
LIEUTENANT ALLCOTT WAS THE FIRST ASHORE,  
SWIFTLY FOLLOWED BY HIS MEN...



IN A SWIFT FLURRY OF SHOTS  
BRITISH AND GERMAN MET IN  
DEADLY HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT...



OUTSIDE ON THE JETTY, BATTLER AND HIS CREW WERE UNLOADING BOXES OF EXPLOSIVE...



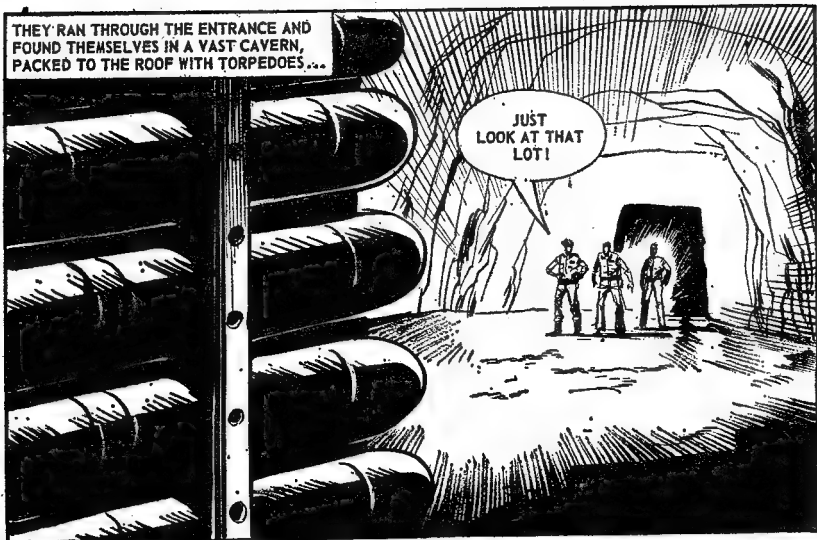
BATTLER LED THE WAY  
ALONG A HONEYCOMB OF CORRIDORS...



THEY ROUNDED A CORNER AND RAN  
HEADLONG INTO TWO ENEMY SENTRIES.  
AS THE GERMANS RAISED THEIR RIFLES,  
BATTLER'S PISTOL CRACKED TWICE...



THEY RAN THROUGH THE ENTRANCE AND FOUND THEMSELVES IN A VAST CAVERN, PACKED TO THE ROOF WITH TORPEDOES...



QUICKLY THEY SET TO WORK PLACING THE EXPLOSIVES...



THEY PACKED LAYER ON LAYER OF EXPLOSIVE BETWEEN THE SLEEK TORPEDOES...



BATTLER GLANCED UP AT  
A LIGHT SHINING OVERHEAD...



THE  
JERRIES  
CAN DO THE  
JOB FOR US. SWITCH  
OFF AT THE WALL, STEVE,  
AND SHINE YOUR TORCH  
ON THAT LAMP  
HOLDER,

RIGHT,  
BATTLER.

BATTLER STRIPPED OFF  
LAMP AND HOLDER AND  
BARED THE WIRES. THEN  
HE CONNECTED UP THE  
LENGTH OF FUSE WIRE...



THEY'RE  
BOUND TO  
COME HERE WHEN  
WE PULL OUT, AND  
WHEN THEY GO TO  
SWITCH THE LIGHTS  
ON - BANG!

THEY RAN BACK TO THE JETTY, WHERE ALLCOTT  
AND HIS MEN HAD SILENCED THE ENEMY ...

ALL FIXED,  
WING  
COMMANDER?

WE'RE  
READY!  
HAVE YOUR  
MEN GET OUT  
QUICK!



THE  
PARTY'S  
OVER, LADS!  
BACK INTO THE  
DINGHIES!

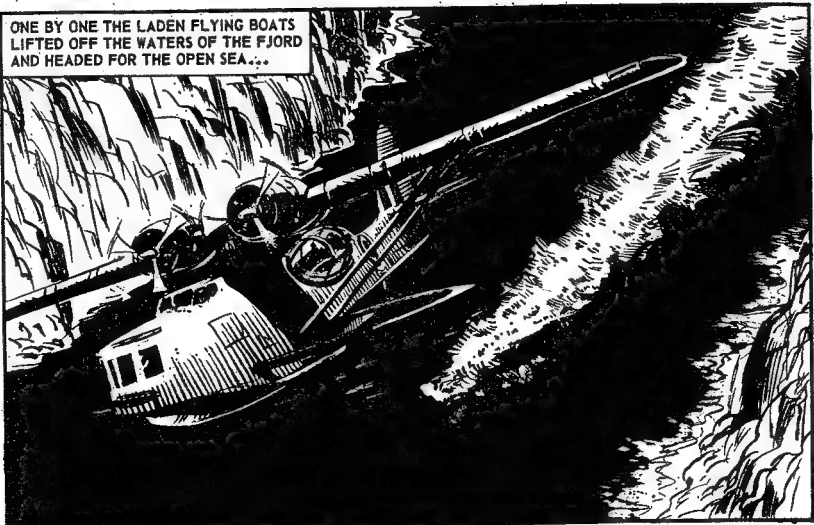


NO SHOTS FOLLOWED THEM AS THE DINGHIES  
MOVED QUICKLY OUT TO THE WAITING CATALINAS...

HOW  
LONG  
HAVE WE  
GOT?

THAT  
DEPENDS  
ON THE GERMANS.  
BUT THE SOONER  
WE'RE AWAY THE  
BETTER!

ONE BY ONE THE LADEN FLYING BOATS  
LIFTED OFF THE WATERS OF THE FJORD  
AND HEADED FOR THE OPEN SEA...



INSIDE THE SUBMARINE PENS, THE  
GERMANS HAD RECOVERED FROM THE ATTACK...

HURRY!  
SEARCH THE  
TORPEDO  
ROOM!



THE TORPEDO ROOM WAS IN DARKNESS WHEN  
THE TWO MEN ENTERED IT...

SWITCH  
THE LIGHTS ON,  
SCHNELL!

THE SERGEANT'S HAND GROPED FOR THE SWITCH AND SNAPPED IT  
ON. FOR A SPLIT SECOND OF TIME THEIR FACES WERE FROZEN  
IN THE FLASH OF THE DETONATORS...





BATTLER WAS LEVELLING OUT AFTER TAKE-OFF  
WHEN THE CLIFF FACE BEHIND HIM ERUPTED  
IN A VAST BLAST OF HIGH EXPLOSIVE...



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THE SHOCK WAVE BUFFETED THE  
AIRCRAFT AS BATTLER TURNED FOR HOME...

SOME  
BANG,  
SKIPPER.

YOU'RE  
RIGHT. THOSE  
U-BOATS WON'T  
BE SINKING ANY  
MORE ALLIED  
SHIPS...

VICE-ADMIRAL GRIGG WAS  
WAITING FOR THEM AT THEIR  
ORKNEY BASE WHEN THEY LANDED...

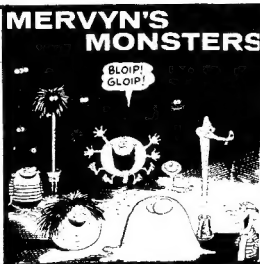
WE OWE  
YOU A GREAT  
DEBT, BRITTON. YOUR  
ACTION HAS SAVED  
COUNTLESS LIVES. I  
DON'T KNOW HOW  
YOU DID  
IT...

WELL  
WE HAD  
LUCK ON OUR  
SIDE, SIR - AND  
THE NAVY...

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